FORMING A NEW MINISTRY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S (TIME OF SLEEPLESS. NESS-LORD RANDOLPH AND THE "OLD GANG"-EXPECTATION AND DIS-APPOINTMENT.

Westminster, August 10. Mr. Gladstone shares one of the price less endowments of Sancho Panza, inasmuch as has a great faculty for sleep. It goes a long way to explain that sustained vitality and power of work that is the marvel of mankind. After the most exciting debate in the House of Comne, or at crises of international importance. he scarcely laid his head on his pillow before he is askep. He does not habitually get more than seven hours' sleep, but would like eight and admits he "could very well do with nine. It is his custom when he retires to rest to take up for a brief time some book of light literature. choice a novel, and divert his thought from current events before seeking his rest, a device that rarely fails. During the Midlothian paign, when politicians and statesmen sat up far into the night to hear the latest reports of the polls, the man who had the keenest personal interest in the result went off to bed at his accustomed hour and soundly slept. When, two years ago, he paid a visit to Midlothian, and there was sickness and trouble at Dalmeny, he, contrary his custom, stayed in England, putting up at the house of a former Lord Advocate. There was, at that time, in progress one of those bye elections which (when they chanced to go against them) Ministerialists stoutly declined to accept as indicative of the current of public opinion. was a Lancashire seat that was conimpregnable. But it fell before the attack of the Liberal candidate. The news did not reach Edinburgh till I o'clock in the morning, and was s unexpectedly glorious that a posse of local Lib erals, picturing to themselves Mr. Gladstone's anx ionsly sitting up to await the news, set forth to communicate it. They knecked up in the dead

of the night Mr. Gladstone's anxious host, and

were amazed to be hustled off with the new

that Mr. Gindstone had long been tranquilly

selecp and must not on any account be disturbed

I have heard Mr. Gladstore say that the only time when sleep fails him is the period ing which he is engaged in forming an Adminis-That ordeal falls upon him now, and presses with, perhaps, more than average severity. It would be comparatively easy if he had before him a clean sheet of paper, and were able to write upon it the names of the men best qualified to serve the country, and were able to assign to each his particular post, with full assurance that the selection would cause neither disappointment to the recipient, nor heartburning among others That in an ideal case beyond the power of realfgation. The fact that Mr. Gladstone is now engaged upon forming his fourth Administration is of itself a damaging, almost fatal, consideration. Since 1868 he has dragged the endless chain of personal associations and persistent claims. There illogical conviction that when a man has had a place found for him in one Administration' he ed it. A Prime Minister is always hampered 1886, to perform the greatest service ever done With the Conservatives even more prevails. More with one party than with another is the claim for preferment of the younger sons of dukes and the eldest sons of marquises recognized by the Prime Minister. It would be invidious, and is unnecessary, to mention names But there are one or two noble families whose scions are, as a matter of course, provided with office and emolument whenever a Conservative Government is formed. Lord Randolph Churchill made it a condition of his taking a leading part in the Government of 1886 that a sweep should be made of what he irreverently called "the old gang," Lord Salisbury, with whom the adhesion of his young friend was at the time indispensable, yielded, and some middle-aged and some elderly gentlemen, looking forward, as a matter of course, to their usual share in the apportionment f loaves and fishes, learned to their amazement that there was nothing for them.

Lord Rondolph made a pretty clean sweep; but his original intention. He met his first serious rebuff in an attack on the position of a mediocre country gentleman, whose highest position on the ladder of merit was reached when he became Chairman of Quarter Sessions in his county. The poverty of material among Conservative statesmen, and a stroke of good fortune in a memorable electoral contest; placed him in the Cabinet. He would have had to go in 1886, but for one circumstance. His sober qualities, business capacity of the county-town-solicitor order, and possibly his restful atmosphere of commonplace have secured for him the special favor of the Queen. Lord Salisbury was able to place his back against the Throne in resisting Lord Randolph's attack on this estimable individual. the end a compromise was effected. Lord Randolph positively refused to have Mediocrity sitting with him on the Treasury Bench. So it was relegated to the more congenial atmosphere the House of Lords, installed in office, where, while it affected the welfare of two hundred and fifty millions of British subjects, at least relieved the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of

the House of Commons from habitual personal contact with the incumbent. There is an "old gang" on the Front Opposition Bench as well as on the Treasury Bench, and the question just now agitating the political world and disturbing Mr. Gladstone's night's res is how is it to be dealt with, or is it to be dealt with at all? In the smokeroom of the House of Commons the difficulty is aerially settled and administrations are drawn up which place at the disposal of the nation the very best available men with no square pegs in round holes. That is all very well for the emokeroom. But it is a different thing for Mr. Gladstone, who is an exceed ingly human person, and, while above all things animated with a desire to do the best possible thing for the State, is also cruelly hampered with long associations and personal connections. The usual thing when, for various reasons, an ex-Minister is no longer desirable for harness is to put him in the Lords. That is evidently a limited expedient. It is not every man who can afford to accept a peerage, and there are some smaller men who; while they would suffer with equal neuteness in the distribution of office, are not of the material of which even peers may be made. It is these second and third rate men who probably have most to do with Mr. Gladstone's phenomenal steeplesaness. A man who has made a mark, like Mr. Lowe did, or that written on the walls of the House of Commons by Mr. Cardwell, can, when no iger available for active service, be soothed with the presentation of a coronet. But the smaller man who has possibly in some peculiar circum stances, or in some particular exigency, been made an under secretary and has invested his £30 or £40 in a levee dress, is apt to be broken-hearted when, after anxious waiting through the days when ministries are being made, he finds himself and his gold-braided coat left on the shelf. The Prime Minister's difficulty is that disappointment must needs come in some quarter. It is not only on the Front Opposition Bench that hope sits high and anxiety broods. On all the back benches he and his slightest movements are being watched with an anxiety that when it is not flerce is pathetie. One is glad to think that in your happier clime, in the wholesome daylight of republican inwhich to-day is causing the Rouse of Commons to reb with persurbed life. Change of administra-Son with tou? the ingenuous stranger may surmise, is in this particular aspect a matter of in-

erence to the President's fellow-citizens. Here

trip, one of Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary lieuten-

ent. In the confidence of a recent sea-

ants told me an amazing and pitiful story of the madness that seizes upon ordinarily sensible people at the time of a change of Ministry. There are surprisingly few members, whether seated above or below the gangway, who have not convinced themselves that they have established a claim upon the leader which can be satisfied by nothing less than a lordship of the Treasury, if, indeed, all the under secretaryships are bespoken They do not wait to be asked, but write volumi nous letters setting forth their claims with almost inhuman freedom from the trammels of modesty It was an old joke against a well-knowk member of the Liberal party who figured prominently in the Parliament of 1874 that when in 1880 Mr Gladstone was forming his Ministry nothing ould induce him to leave his home for even hal an hour. He might at any moment be for," and it did not become him to keep Mr. Gladstone waiting. He was not "sent for" then nor in 1885, when Mr. Gladstone formed a third Ministry, and the next year when the Home Rule split came he threw off the alleginnee of the statesman who had thus wilfully neglected opportunities. That is an extreme case, I afraid, only in respect of the eccentricity of the man who could not keep his secret or hide his gnawing vexation. Alas! for those who never tell, but die with all their chagrin in them. H. W. L.

A DUCAL HOTEL.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHARITY OF CHARLES THEODORE OF BAVARIA.

Munich, July 31.

Most people are acquainted with the fact that the Empress of Austria possesses a brother who is one of the most accomplished and successful ocu lists of Europe, but there are few who are aware that this same brother, Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, combines his medical practice with the manifold duties involved by the personal manage ment of a great summer hotel. It is a hotel condueted on peculiar principles. During the three summer months it is thronged by a fashionable and wealthy crowd of visitors, belonging to the great world of Vienna, Munich, Berlin, etc., and the prices charged for accommodation are about on a par with those at other summer hotels. The money thus earned is used by the Duke to board and lodge in the hotel during the three months of the spring and the three months of autumn, poor untists, officers, professors and literary men persons of education and breeding who stand in need of a holiday, but who have not wherewith to pay for it-all without the expense to them elves of a single cent.

This ducal hotel, thus conducted on principle that may be described as ducal in the very noblest sense, is nothing more or less than an old Bene dictine monastery, and is situated at Kreuth, or the slopes of Hohlenstein, one of the Bavarian Alps overlooking the lovely Tegernsee. Early is the eighth century, the Benedictine monks, wh had their headquarters at Tegernsec, obtained possession of all the land in that neighborhood fathers, skilful doctors in their way, wer is in the human breast a deeply seated and not long in discovering the curative qualific of the little sulphur springs on the Hohlenstein plateau. They built by the side of it a has a right to look for provision in any that may pitul, to which the delicate members of the order used to retire from time to time to recruit with fossilized remains. There is not given to As years passed this hospital was replaced by every man the temperament and the opportunity one larger; and right up to 1803, when the order which enabled Lord Randolph Churchill, is was dissolved. Kreuth was the regular health-resort of the Benedictines. The hospital was then turned into a farmhouse. In 1813, however, it to a party. With the Conservatives even more turned into a farmhouse. In 1813, however, than the Liberals, the influence of Tite Barnaclism was purchased by King Max of Bavarla, who re stored the old Badhaus and erected a second. long as he lived the place was used as a conva lescent home for the poor; and when at his death it parsed into the hands of his widow, it was with the condition attached that a certain number of poor should every year be hospitably entertained there. It was his wish that Kreuth should remain : charitable institution; but, as usual, funds were low in the Bavarian exchequer, and the poor can not be entertained without money. After much heart-searching, no doubt, for they are a consci entious race, King Max's widow and son resolved to try an experiment. They set to work to see whether the natural advantages of Kreuth could not be turned to account as a means of raising funds for charity. The old buildings were furbished up and new ones erected, until accommodation for nearly three hundred persons was provided. An excellent cook was engaged, and the place was turned into a regular hotel.

For three months in the year Kreuth is thronged and go and pay their bills as at any other health resort. Every effort is made to render their visit as pleasant as possible. Hardly a day passes bu Duke Charles Theodore, King Max's grandson and the present owner of Kreuth, drives over from Tegeinsee to see that they are being properly taken care of; while his brother, Prince Ludwig, generally lives in the hotel and plays the host in a quaint, informal fashion, lavishing upon his guests ill sorts of courteous little attentions. Moreover, all sorts of high and mighty personages are to b met with there at every turn. Until the last few years the Empress of Austria, who is a sister of Duke Charles Theodore, was a constant visitor at Kreuth; the ex-Queen of Naples still goes there, and so do the King of Wurtemberg, the Orleanist Princes, the Princess Fredrica of Hanover, and the Duke of Cumberland; while as for the members of the Bayarian Royal family, there is always some one or other of them there. There are, in fact, so many royalties at Kreuth that it is one of the few places on the earth where they are treated just as ordinary mortals. Perhaps that

is why they like going there so much. During June, July and August the place enducted upon strictly business principles; the charges for the rooms, etc., being precisely the standing in the neighborhood. The Duke, who has a wholesome horror of middlemen, has made his hotel almost independent of outside supplies. He rears his own cattle, grinds his own corn,and has even turned one wing of his palace into a brewery that he may brew his own beer. his arrangement the working expenses of the establishment are considerably lessened; and at the end of the season the Duke has always a handsome balance in hand, the profits of his three months' hotel-keeping. This he straightway proceeds to spend in a truly characteristic fashion. On the 30th of August the ordinary visitors are requested to depart; the Duke requires their nooms, they are told. No sooner are they gone than a curious-looking

No sooner are they gene than a curious-looking company begins to agrive. The great majority of the new-course are thin and graint; many of them have an old, pinched look about their mouths; they all belong to a class known as the shabby genteel. There are poor professors, officers with nothing but their pay to depend upon, artists whose pictures don't sell, and literary men who cannot make both ends meet—the very people, in fact, who stand most in need of a holiday, but who have not wherewith to pay for it. During the whole summer the Duke and his agents have been hunting these people out and praying them with ceremonious courtesy to homer Kreuth with a visit in the autumn. Once there, they are well housed, well fed, and well tended; and all without the expense to themselves of a single penny. housed, well fed, and well tended; and all without the expense to themselves of a single penny. Nothing can exceed the kindly hospitality, the delicate consideration, with which these guests are treated; the whole establishment seems to be at one in its desire to make them feel welcome. At the end of three weeks they leave—very different beings, as a rule, from what they were when they arrived—and their places are taken by other visitors of the same kind. Until the snow begins to fall there is a continuous stream of coners.

they arrived—and their places are taken by other visitors of the same kind. Until the snow begins to fall there is a continuous stream of comers and goers. Then the hotel is closed until the early spring, when the Duke acain dispenses his kindly hospitality to the needy for some weeks before he opens his doors to the rich.

Whenever Duke Charles Theodore comes across the visitors at Kreuth he always casts a keen, scrutinizing glance at their eyes, and if he detects there any sign of weakness, he promptly invites the sufferers to pay him a visit at Tegernsee. He is one of the most skilful oculists in Eurepe, and he is always on the lookout for neeple whom he can help. He performs operations for all classes, and expects to be paid according to the means of those operated upon. The poor he dismisses with a hearty shake of the hand; from the rich, however, he requires a fee equal to that of a London specialist. He openly rejoices when wealthy patients come in his way, for his private revenue is limited in the extreme, and he needs all the money he can get to keep up the huge eve-hospitals he has established at Tegernsee and at Merca.

TOPICS IN PARIS.

AN EXHIBITION OF WOMEN'S WORK-SEEK-ING THE GRAVE OF MIRABEAU.

Paris, August 20.
A very interesting exhibition of feminine art was opened a few days ago at the Palais de l'Industrie, and is drawing great crowds of sightseers to the Champs Elysees. Although comprising every branch of industry in which woman is engaged, the chief feature is the display of fashion rare collection of pictures, miniatures and trinkets, ill portraying the ephemeral costumes worn in the days of Clouet, Mignard, Lagilliere, Winterhalter, with others in the times of Titian, Rubers, Lucas, Cranch, Van Dyck, Gainsborough and Reynolds. Another original attraction is a wax-work show of head-dresses of different epochs, artistically ranged by skilful artists. The modern "liveo'clock" of the Parisian ladies is charmingly re-Sewing materials, lace, musical instru-"feminine" furniture and other element of woman's work and woman's daily life complete the list. There is a good collection of paintings and of gems of lace executed by fair hands. the side of these walls will be seen collections the thousand and one knick-knacks which help to form a lady's toilet. Curiosities of all kinds are likewise exhibited-for example, the fan of Ninon de l'Enclos, the spectacles of Marie Antoinette and the earrings of the Empress Josephine. All these objects have been lent by the owners of the historical bibelots. As if they were not sufficient to attract the spectator, we are treated to a magnificent diorama depicting the changes and trans fermations of fashion. One of the canvasses intro duces us to "Le Bal de la Bastile" in 1790; another to "Une Soiree chez Barras"; while others give us an idea of the "Goleries du Palais-Royal" in 1616, the "Boulevard de Gard" in 1825, th Fete de St. Cloud" in 1840, and finally the on fashionable promenade of Longchamps. Add to all these and other sights an excellent band of music, and enough will have been said to prove that the exhibition is worthy of being patronized. The centenary of the Republic, which is to

e celebrated on September 22, bids fair to be a very gorgeous affair, indeed. The Government has subscribed the funds for the "fetes," which will include two processions of the same nature one on the right, the other on the left, bankthe Seize, so that everybody will be able to ee the sight. Among other features of these pageants, will be five allegorical chariots. The list will represent the period previous to the Revolution-that is to say, the Regency and the sectioning of the reign of Louis XVI; it will bear musicians and ballet-dancers, and behind it will follow the oppressed people singing mournful melodies and crying for food. The second car vill be called the "Marseillaise," and will be ecompanied by volunteers of the Revolution with drums and fifes. The third will be christened the "Chant du Depart," escorted by envalry in the uniforms worn at the battle of Valmy, and ollowed by groups representing the trade corpo rations of the epoch, and carrying flags and ba ners copied from those of the Carnavalet Museum The fourth chariot will personify the "Triumph of the Republic," and behind it will walk dentations of the various gymnastic and other soci ties, bearing the symbols of the arts and scient The last will symbolize the People and the Army," and will be accompanied y the cavalry and the infantry. The chariots sed in the cortege will be placed at certain street corners in the evening, and will then serv as open-air theatres, where patriotic pieces will

be played. In connection with the Centenary, I may here efer to the active search which antiquarians have organized for the missing remains of Mirabeau After the death of the great orator of the Cor ditutional Assembly, his countrymen, desirous of doing honor to him, transformed the Church Sainte-Genevieve into the Pantheon, where the body of Mirabeau was buried with all pomp and selemnity. Alas! it was doomed not to lie there long. Two years later the inquiry into the trial of Louis XVI led to the disclosure documents proving that the Revolutionary nobleman had kept up relations with the Court. Deep was the indignation of the Jacobin Club, and oud was the outery of the Parisians. The Concention immediately prepared its anathema. Representatives of the people," exclaimed Marie Joseph Chenier in his report, "listen to the voice of the Nation, and show yourselves great and tatives of posterity, be just and rong: represe towed on the genius of Mirabeau will render the example you are about to make of him all the more solemn and terrible. Your committee propose to exclude Mirabeau from the Pantheon, in order to strike ambitious and unscrupulous men with fear." The expulsion was voted and the Convention ordered the body of Marat to be conveyed to the Pantheon on the very day when

that of Mirabeau was removed.

What became of the body of Mirabeau? Some say it was interred in the cemetery of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont; some, at Clamart, where the remains of executed criminals were buried, and thers believe the place chosen was the cemetery of Sainte Catharine; in the Faubourg Saint Marcel, where most of the victims of the Revolution were interred. In 1847, Michelet, who was convinced that the body was at Clamart, proposed to have it exhumed. "Fifty years of expiation," says he' in his "Histoire de la Revolution," "is quite enough for this unhappy great man." Ten years afterward, in a letter addressed o M. Jules Claretie, Mine. Michelet took up her husband's idea of rescuing Mirabeau from the ignominious graveyard, and suggested the of July; the National fete day, as the most fitting occasion to do justice to his memory. She even designated the spot where his grave would be found. "The coffin can be easily recognized," she added; "it is in the middle of the cemetery and bears the name of Mirabeau, engraved copper, on the lid." Scarch was made at Clamart, but with no result. However, his admirers did not despair. Foremost among them is M. Adancourt; who has recently undertaken fresh explorations, this time in the old cemetery of Sainte Catherine, or rather on the ground where the cemetery existed before a school was built on it. Unfortunately, owing to the burning of the archives of the Hotel de Ville during the Comnune, it was not possible to determine the precise date when the cemetery was done away with. That it was prior to 1815 is certain, for it was there that, under the Restoration? a monument was raised to Pichegra. Fragments of it have been discovered, as well as other interesting relies. But no traces of the remains of Mirabeau have

One of the persons who take most interest in brated and witty authoress? "Gyp" (Comtesse de Martel), for the great Mirabeau was her granduncle, and it is therefore with her as a family affair. In spite of her ultra aristocratic manners and ideas, she is very proud of this ancestor, who of France, and who has never been eclipsed. In her charming residence at Neuilly, a room is devoted entirely to relies of the great man. A copy of the bass-relief of him by Dolan occupies whole side thereof, while a superb bust, draped in loth of silver of the XVth century, seems to house at Biguon, near Montargis, where he was

The marriage of Mile, du Bouchage to M. Daniel Ollivier, which was celebrated in the private chapel belonging to the Comte de Chambrun, was one of the most beautiful ceremonies of the kind celebrated here for many years. This chapel, unique in Paris, is an exact reproduction of the Sainte Chapelle" of St. Louis, and is lighted by splendid and almost priceless windows, which are one of the features of the place. The bridegroom is the son of the eloquent mater, Emile Ollivier, and the bride is the daughter of the Viscountess de schage, who is one of the leaders of the grand | curring the cost of the rings of gold, the enthu-

monde here. The ceremony was honored by the siastic municipality ordered that it should be done presence of H. I. H. Princess Mathilde, by that forthwith at their expense. of Princess Bonaparte, and of many of the elite M. Bischoffsheim, the bank onal of orange blossoms and white heather. All around the edge of the long square train was a lor the last hundred years. There is a vast and delicate fringe of orange-buds intermingled with sprays of heather. The wedding presents, bewildering in number, were exhibited in the salons of the Hotel de Chambrun, amid a perfect wealth of fragrant flowers and blossoming bushes.

IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

A REACTION AGAINST SOME MODERN IM-PROVEMENTS-SCENES IN COPENHAGEN.

Copenhagen, August 5.
All over the North of Europe a reaction is going on against the uniformity which steam locom tion and telegraphic press agencies have caused. One finds it most intense in Sweden, which is now angry with itself and with its last dynastic family for having so imitated the French as to rob Stockholm of all original character. The laboring classes in Denmark were never addicted to bright costumes like their brethren of Norway and Sweden. But they chiefly enjoy stories dealing with episodes and incidents in National life or Scandinavian legends. The painters go in the same direction. Exner leads them along this path. He is a revivalist of the patriarchal manners of the country folks in Denmark, as Sir Walter Scott was of those of feudalism. He always, however, claimed to go no further back than his memory took him. His paintings remind one of Wilkie's. They give scenes of rustic life during the long winter evenings of the northern latitudes. To judge from the logs that blaze on the hearth, Denmark was not denuded to the same degree that it is in our time of woods and forests. Exper's cotters are honest folk worthy of the sympathy which the public bestow on them. In one of his paintings a family group seen in the light of a wood fire is beautifully rendered. A tired rustic laborer, verging on perhaps forty-five, is seated smoking in an antique, high-backed wooden chair, his eyes following the blue smoke that he puffs from his mouth. The mother, a faded matron, with the remains of rustic prettiness, teaches the youngest child to read in an old Bible. The grandmother, seated on the other side of the hearth, is telling a story to a lot of children, who, seated on stools listen to her with open mouths and bated breath. One of the little folk turns round toward the window to see whether a ghost does not lurk behind it. His innocent terror bears witness to the graphic power of the grandmother as a story-Copenhagen used! ere Norway and

ound dues went from Denmark, to be thought a lissipated place. Young Norwegians were forddden to go there as tourists. Those allowed to stay were able to prove that they had serious reasons for making a sojourn. There was a Nor-wegian proverb, older than Hamlet, to the effect that when a youth went to Copenhagen his nother should think herself happy if he returned nome with so much as a shirt on his back. Things | banquet. are now on another footing in the Danish capital, which is well built in red brick, monotonous, clean, pacious, and lacking life, except just about the port, where one finds the flush of busy life and sees here and there the uniformity of wide modern streets, broken by old gable fronted houses having their facades strengthened with supports in forged and openwork iron, taking the form of big S's. There are barracks enough to garrison such a man causes little regret in Russia. the army corps of Paris. The palaces, like the houses, are built on the same pattern, in imposing but in a heavy style. The hotels are magnificent, and the one at which I put up is more polatial than any royal residence, having been built by the minion of a Danish King, when the burt of Versailles was the model followed by all the Continental sovereigns on this side of saw his august person reflected, and the landlord and waiters affect courtly manners so successfully as to give the illusion of being courtiers who have attained the standard of polite style re-

quired by Lord Chesterfield of his son. penhagen claims to be, not less than Edinburgh. The correspondent says that Agis-Sultan is urged in the name of culture, for there is not changes, also, are about to be made in the Persian in or about it the ghost of a hill on which to build an Acropolis. But the Copenhageners have drunk deeper than the Scotch of classic antiquity less their enviable places. Family Assuse 15, market of the aunt of Kulam-Ali-Chan, the former favorite of and they have assimilated it in a way that no other modern capital has ever done. Kings of she is an aged woman, and was obliged to visit Vienna Denmark made their palaces treasure-houses of art. in 1800 to have an operation performed upon one of If Thorwaldsen evolved as he did, it was because hese crowned connoisseurs who preceded him were liberal enough to throw open so wide the doors of their galleries as to enable the peasant boy to

PRESIDENT CARNOT.

HIS SUMMER OCCUPATIONS AT FONTAINE-

Paris Angust 5. re-elected? As the close of his tenure of office approaches the usual murmurs of discontent beofn to be heard, though impartial foreigners can see little cause for them. To the unbiassed eye M. Carnot has been a model President for a Republic, particularly for a French one surrounded by Monarchies, evincing soberness, prudence, decorum, aloofness from cabals and cliques, and even chariness of showing private friendships. He has rever sided with a political party, and has always been scrupulously anxious to elicit and execute the will of the Assembly. The Republic has shared in the respect which his honest personality inspires. For instance, probably no one else could have a arranged the successful meeting at Cronstadt. His munificence must not be forgotten, in virtue of which he spends in charity more than his official income. The Carnots are just now in their annual retreat at Fontainebleau; it can hardly be called holiday making. Mme. Carnot entertains the guests, who come, some from Paris, but most from the town of Fontainebleau and the Department of Seine-et-Marne, or goes out for friendly shopping tours through the town, where, as a girl, she was ducated, and where her mother lived. The President is up early, answers his letters till 11, receives his callers till noon, when they are asked to stop to lunch, and then gets back to work till 5. Then a short walk or drive in the grounds this lugubrious, if curious, search, is the cele- till dinner time, and after that coffee, billiards and a cigar. The President hates fuss or estentation. When he drives into the park on his way home, he very often enters by a side gate from a curious motive which does him credit. as it approaches the main entrance takes a sudden was, she claims, the most glorious political genius | turn, so that the worthy janitor, a retired old soldier, has often the mortification of seeing his President drive through before he can find time to make the regulation salute. The Carnot family occupy the least stylish or historically famous wing of the palace, viz., that called after Louis XV. It is an inartistic structure, quite a contrast preside over the many pieces of furniture and with the romantic elegance of the main building, curios which have been brought thither from the to which the public have, as heretofore, free access. I must say a word about the fish-pond in which

the red carp swim lazily about with the burden of their golden collars. Legend says that as far back as the time of Francis I these very same fish were alive, and that, indeed, that monarch's dentist placed the yellow circlets round necks for a mark of identification-a beautiful delusion which truth constrains me to dispel, seeing that the pond was drained empty by the allies in 1815. In M. Carnot's honor it was proposed, when he became President, to re-manufacture half-adozen of these historic carp. And although the thoughtful Chief Magistrate objected to their in-

M. Bischoffsheim, the banker Deputy and founder of the French aristocracy, among whom were of the observatory called after him at Nice, left Count Bernard d'Harcourt, Marquise de Noailles, the latter city this morning for Mount Mounier, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Fauze, etc., etc., accompanied by several French and foreign astron-Mile, de Bouchage wore an exquisite toilet of omers. He proposes to erect an observatory on the diaphanous silk-muslin over white silk, shrouded summit of this mountain at a height of 9,000 feet. in superb old Valenciennes lace, and a long veil of Astronomers are of opinion that observatories will tulle fastened to her dusky braids by a tiny cor- in future be erected at high altitudes, as the difficulty of obtaining extremely enlarged and yes distinct views of our neighbors, the moon and Mars, is hereby very much lessened. M. Deloncles's gigantic telescope for the Paris exhibition of 1900, which de-ays" And presently you get off and enter a would bring the moon into the Champ de Mars, is completely abandoned, one of the reasons being that the asmosphere of a city situated near the sea level like Paris would be too dense and unevenly distributed, where great transparency would be an E. C. indispensable condition.

NOTES FROM RUSSIA.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC PRINCE-THE SHAH'S DANGER.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 2.-The news of the death of Prince Dubrosoff in the distant district of Perm, which has reached this capital, recalls to mind one of the most eccentric and extravagant characters who ever acknowledged allegiance to the White Czar. The inheritor of great wealth and a proud and aristocratic name, Dubrosoff was one of the most popular cavaliers in the court society of St. Petersburg. to his great wealth he was known far and wide as the "European Nabob." Like so many young men of his kind, however, his manner of life was exceedingly rapid, and his fortune finally dwindled to an significant amoutit. At the time of his involuntary withdrawal from his favorite city, in fact, his income

only sufficed to keep him well-clothed and well-fed. Long before his departure from St. Petersburg his endency to play cruel jokes upon his companions made him "famous" and feared throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is only charitable, in the light of subsequent events, to suppose that the Prince

was Insane. Among his friends was Lieutenant Paul Lagovitch, who was noted for his powers upon the field of battle and the field of honor. Prince Dubrosoff, for some reason, determined to frighten the Lieutegant, and made a heavy bet that he would succeed. Filling a pitcher with water, almost boiling hot, the cruel 'joher" approached his friend unawares, and poured the liquid upon the top of his head. The poor fellow, as a matter of course, sprang to his feet crying with pain, while Dubrosoff laughed gayly at the success of his plan. Had it not been for the intervention of mutual friends, however, he would have paid heavily for his inhuman act. Upon another occasion the wine flowed so freely at his table that one of his guests com pletely lost his head. The temptation to make the man ridiculous was too great for the Prince. But the penalty which he suffered in time was severe. That operation completed, he had the unfortunate man carried to a neighboring clotster and clad in the a monk. By a liberal fee induced the abbot to inflict the "new brother" daily with 100 stripes. Protestations on the part of the man were unavailing, and two weeks passed away before he gained his liberty and was able to begin pro ceedings against his former host. The case was sedsa tional and ended-to the joy of many people-in the

seutence of Dubrosoff to Siberia. Before his final arrest, however, the Prince suceded in adding another act to his list of infamous deeds. He invited a number of friends of both sexes to dinner, and laughed merrily at the praise spent upon a large meat ple, the "plece de resistance" of the

plied to his astonished guests, "I must tell you that my favorite dog Hardl and a few young rats furnished the meat for the ple."

At his command the servant then entered the room, bearing in his arms a golden plate holding the skins of the various animals. Without further ceremony he then hade his guests adieu and started on his way to Siberia. It is needless to add that the death of

The Eastern correspondent of one of the Russian papers has sent some additional details regarding the attempt upon the life of the Shah of Persia, already reported by telegraph. Various stories, it is said, are in circulation in Persia and Teheran regarding the un-Shah was severely wounded. According to one ver-Turkey. It still has a gallery of mirrors almost by Imperial command "Agis-Sultan," meaning favorite as magnificent as that in which Louis the Grand of the Shah. The young man, it is said, while driving with His Majesty, was playing with a revolver, which suddenly exploded, the ball entering the body of the Shah. In accordance with other versions, however, a man discharged a gun at the Shah while he was dining in a salicloth tent. A third story declares uired by Lord Chesterfield of his son.

that the boy was prepared to kill his protector, and that the builet was fired intentionally by Agis Sultan. the Shah, now under indicament for intended murder. her eyes. In early youth Emin-Akdas was not only the favorite wife of Nasr-Eddin, but exercised also a great influence in the high life of Teheran. She has often directed, too, through the Shah, the foreign policy of the empire. During the last few years, owing, probably, to her increasing age, her influence has greatly diminished, but she was still believed to have considerable power over her lordly master. The fate His guilt will cause deep grief to the Shah, who looked upon him, in a certain sense, as a talisman.

Many tales of heroism come from the districts The question of the day is, will M. Carnot be down their lives in efforts to save their fellow men. No man, however, did more herote work than Dr. Jacob Idelsohn, a Jewish physician, who fell a victim, after courageous service, to the dread disease, The scene of his labors was in the districts of Nijni Novgorod. Great regret is felt at his death, General Baronoff, in fact, governor of the province, although a flerce anti-Semite, felt obliged to distinguish idel-

" In the Chaussee Hospital to-day died the physician Jacob Idelsohn, from cholera. The dead man was one of the first persons who voluntarily came to Nijni Novgorod to aid the sick. Totally disregarding himself in working for the good of others, he became victim of the scourge, and gave up his life for his fellows. Although he belonged to the followers of the Mosaic law, he showed, by his conduct, the purest Christian love and devotion. I shall endeavor to honor the memory of this worthy man by attending his funeral." In the midst of the general persecution of the Hebrews in this country, Dr. Idelsohn's sacrifice is all the more heroic, and General Baronoff's praise all the more effective.

In accustance with the orders of the Emperor, a magnificent billiard table has been manufactured especially for His Majesty in one of the famous works of Berlin. It is unusually large, being almost ten feet long and four and one half feet wide. The wood is expendive and the carving said to be artistic. There are various patent arrangements to facilitate the counting and registration of points made by the Czar and his guest. The table can also be arranged for use as a dining table, sufficiently long to accommodate fifty persons. Numerous "leaves," to be placed in the table, have been made for this purpose. The table is expensive and is probably the finest plece of furniture of its kind ever manufactured.

of furniture of its kind ever manufactured.

On the esplanade in front of the famous Kreml of Moscow is to be erected a magnificent monument to the late Alexander II. The statue itself, in dark green broaze, is the work of the sculptor Academ Opshuschin, while the general arrangement of the place and outer designs are due to Faul Jukowsky, the son of the Russian poet. The ground to be devoted to the memoral covers des square meters, and is a part of one of the most conspicuous places in the famous old capital. A roof of white granite, supported by columns, is to surmount the whole statue. The walls and stones of the terraces leading to the monument proper are to be covered with plantings representing the most important events in the life of the madreted Czer. The cutire edifice—for it will be in reality an edifice—is to be in a style of architecture a mixture of pure Russian and the Italian Renaissance, harmonious with that of the famous Kremi. The monument will be failshed, it is hoped, early in the spring of 1893. Work has been begun on the foundations. The sculptor of the statue proper, Opslauschin, made the famous statue of Pushkin, one of the sights of modern Moscow.

AN EPISCOPAL RETORT. From The London Globe.

A story is going about to the effect that the Bishop of London recently took a cab from the House of Lords to Fulham Palace, and, on arriving there, tendered the cabman his legal fare. The câbman remonstrated, and finally asked the Bishop whether "Puul," If he were living now, would live at Fulham Palace. "No," replied the Bishop, "he would be Archbishop, and would live at Lambeth. The fare there is only a shilling." And cabby went his way, possibly redecting that it is bad business for an amateur to engage in a theological set-to with a professional heavyweight.

AMONG THE MOORS.

HAMAN'S REBELLION AND WHAT IT MEANS Tangier, July 31.

From civilization to barbarism, and from today to remote antiquity is after all only a step. Or perhaps it would be better to say a short boat-ride, since it is in a little tub of a steamer that one travels from Gibraltar to Tangier. go on board, with the British flag waving above you and with all of British civilization about you, including a band playing "Ta-ra-ra-boomcity that dates beyond the Exodus, and find yourself in a society and a civilization that has not advanced beyond that which existed in the time of Moses.

Moreover, you are in a land as big as France lying almost within rifle shot of Europe, yet at unknown to Europeans as the heart Soudan. It is a country of marvellous fertility and with the most perfect climate in the world, yet inhabited by beggars. Its people are superb physical specimens of the human race, and by no means to be despised in natural intellect, yet degraded, and still sinking hopelessly, down, down, down. There is scarcely a more mournful spectacle in all the world. Yet just now, amid the hopelessness, there is one gleam of hope. It is kindled by insurrection. It is a rebellion against the awful burden that has been for ages crushing heart and life out of Morocco; and it may succeed.

The curse of Morocco is its Government. The supreme ruler is the Sultan, a tyrant and a brute. He loves to build temples and palaces just for the sake of building. He is luxurious, rapactous, and almost infinitely cruel. He cares nothing for his people, save to require from them an income sufficient to gratify all his tastes and whims Over each of the provinces of the Empire Governor, or Bashaw, is set. They receive no salaries. On the contrary, each one pays the Sultan a round sum, from \$40,000 to \$50,000 year, for the privilege of being a Bashaw. So the Sultan gets his income. And the Bashaws get theirs from the people. There is no fixed tax rate or system of taxation. The Bashaws simply take everything from the people save the barest necessaries of life. The process is appropriately called "squeezing." It is organized confisca

Nor do the Bashaws hesitate to use torture as a means of collection. If a hapless subject does not pay as large a tribute as he is supposed to be able to pay, he is bastinadeed, or sprinkled with boiling oil. Under such gentle influence he becomes ready to surrender his last farthing. Naturally, the people do not exert themselves to acquire wealth. Why should they, when it would be taken from them? They strive simply to sustain life, that is all. So the rich land lies untilled, and a country of almost illimitable resources remains poor and undeveloped. "Why should we plant palm trees?" they ask; "we shall never be permitted to eat the fruit."

Nor is the condition of the Bashaw always happy one. He is generally able to wring from the of his own province a splendid income for himself besides the tribute he has to pay to the Sultan. Sometimes he may have for himself twice as much as he sends to the Sultan. Yet he is not secure; and the richer he grows the less secure he is. For now and then the Sultan hears that a certain Bashaw has become very Whereupon he "invites" him to visit the rich. capital. The invitation is flatteringly courteous in terms. But it simply means, "Come and dis-gorge." You have grown rich by "squeezing" the Now the Sultan proposes to "squeeze"

Sir J. Hooker has given a striking account of such an episode, as it came under his personal observation. He came upon a body of armed horsemen on their way to the capital. them was a solitary prisoner, a man poorly clad and heavily burdened with chains and fetters. So large an escort for a single captive led the spectator to ask who the prisoner was. He was, replied the commander of the troops, a few days before the powerful Governor of a great province. The Sultan had invited him to the capital. He had hesitated to accept the invitation. Conscquently an escort was provided for him. Doubtless the unfortunate Bashaw was compelled to yield every dollar of his ill-gottn fortune, and if he did not do so promptly, or if the amount did not equal the Sultan's expectations, he was prob-

ably put to torture. For aces the people have endured this pitiless has been sent oppression, and they have become so crushed in spirit that one could scarcely expect to rise against the tyrant. Yet at this very mo-ment they are doing so, and that with a fair prospect of success. For some time past there have been reports of risings here and there! which the Sultan's troops have not been able to quell, The truth is that these are the manifestations of a national patriotic movement, which has for its object nothing short of a complete political revo-

The good work tegnn here in Tangier ago. The Bashaw of Tangier was a particularly outrageous tyrant and his rule became intolerable The people rose anginst him and demanded that he be removed. The Sultan hesitated. The Bashaw was not yet rich enough to be "invited" of Agis-Sultan, it is said, still hangs in the balance. to court. But the popular clamor grew louder, and finally assumed the form of rebellion. Foreign powers were interested, too, having many subjects resident in or frequently visiting Tangler. So the Sultan family yielded. The obnoxious Bashaw was removed and a more decent man was put in his place.

Railroads are unknown in Morocco and newspapers are few. Yet in some way or another news travels. Presently it became known in other provinces that the people of Tangier had carried their point. And the question was asked, Why cannot other provinces do likewise? Perhaps the worst governed province of them all was Angera. The Bashaw there was notably brutal, even for a Moorish Bashaw. But the people are a magnificent set of hordy and daring mountaineers. So, encouraged by the example of Tangier; they asked the Sultan to remove the Bashaw and send them another. The Sultan refused; and thereupon they took up arms in open insurrection. Their leader is one Haman, perhaps the best soldier and most skilful general in the whole empire. He has at his back a splendid army, and is looked to all over Morocco as the leader in a national struggle for reform and for freedom frow tyranny. He is carrying all before him, and there seems no likelihood, at this time, of Sultan being able to check him. What the end will be is, of course, only a matter of conjecture. But the general feeling here is that some European Power, probably France, will soon forcibly intervene, check the rebellion; compel a complete reform in the system of government, and establish a virtual protectorate.

The prize would be well worth the effort. This country is capable of being what Egypt was-the granary of Europe. Enough wheat could be grown here to feed half the people of Europe. Yet now scarcely enough is raised for home consumption. And even that is raised under the most primitive conditions. Think of it, in all this empire there is not a single wheeled vehicle! Not a wagon, or cart, or carriage of any description! Why not? The Sultan will not permit them to be brought hither. It is indescribably strange to traverse the streets of this citylarge city, too-and see never a wheeled vehicle of any kind. Every one is afoot or on the backs of mules or camels.

A glorious spectacle Tangler presents, from & distance, with its snow-white walls gleaming in the sun. You can see it from Gibraltar and the Spanish coast. But the illusion vanishes when you get here. It is white, but it is a whited Within its walls are corruption and sepulchre. Within its walls are corruption and death. The people wear a mournful air, and speak in whispers. Swathed in their white burnosses, they glide silently by, like so many ghosts. Even Haman's rebellion and its promises can scarcely arouse their crushed and broken spirits. But if he succeed, and a wise and liberal Government be established, who knows? We may again see something of that spirit that prevailed in olden days, when the Moors were well-nigh masters of the world. sepulchre.